CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGUS.

Scene VI.

Published by G. Foster, No. 6, Old Bailey, May 1, 1787.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS:

THE MOST

TRAGICAL TRAGEDY

That ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

LONDON

Printed for G. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bayley; and sold by all Booksellers, Newes-carriers, &c. in Great Britain and Ireland.

M,DCC,XXXVII.

PROLOGUE.

TO-night our comic Muſe the buſkin wears,
And gives herſelf no ſmall romantic airs;
Struts in heroics, and in pompous verſe
Does the minuteſt incidents rehearſe;
In ridicule's ſtrict retroſpect diſplays
The poetaſters of theſe modern days;
Who with big-bellowing bombaſt rend our ears,
Which, ſtript of ſound, quite void of ſenſe appears;
Or elſe their fiddle-faddle numbers flow,
Serenely dull, elaborately low:
Either extreme when vain pretenders take,
The actor ſuffers for the author's ſake:
The quite-tir'd audience loſe whole hours; yet pay
To go unpleas'd and unimprov'd away.
This being our ſcheme, we hope you will excuſe
The wild excurſion of the wanton muſe;
Who, out of frolick, wears a mimic maſk,
And ſets herſelf ſo whimſical a taſk:
'Tis meant to pleaſe; but, if it ſhould [illegible]
It's very ſhort, and ſoon will have an [illegible]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Chrononhotonthologos, King of Queerummania.
Bombardinian, his General.
Aldiborontiphoſcophornio, } Courtiers.
Bigbum-Pimpidus, }
Captain of the Guards.
Herald.
Cook.
Doctor.
King of the Fidlers.
King of the Antipodes.

WOMEN.

Fadladinida, Queen of Queerummania.
Tatlanthe, her Favourite.
Two Ladies of the Court.
Two Ladies of Pleaſure.
Venus.
Cupid.
Guards and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Queerummania.

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THE

TRAGEDY

OF

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

SCENE, *An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos *and* Aldiborontiphoſcophornio.

Rig.-Fun. ALdiborontiphoſcophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch ſuccumbent,
Himſelf he unfatigues with gentle ſlumbers—
Lull'd by the chearful trumpet's gladſome clangor,
The noiſe of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He ſleeps ſupine amidſt the din of war:
And yet 'tis not definitively ſleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking ſlumber,
That ſheds a ſtupefaction o'er his ſenſes:
For now he nods and ſnores; anon he ſtarts;
Then nods and ſnores again.—If this be ſleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake!
What ſays my friend to this?

Rig. ——Say! I ſay he ſleeps dog-ſleep:
What a plague wou'd you have me ſay?

Aldi. O impious thought! O curs'd inſinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos,
To animals deteſtable and vile,
Had aught the leaſt ſimilitude!

Rig. My dear friend! you entirely miſapprehend me: I did not call the King dog by craft; I was only going to tell that the ſoldiers have juſt now receiv'd their pay, and are all as drunk as ſo many ſwabbers.

Aldi. Give orders inſtantly that no more money
Be iſſued to the troops: mean time, my friend,
Let the baths be fill'd with ſeas of coffee,
To ſtupify their ſouls into ſobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better baniſh the ſutlers, and blow the Geneva caſks to the devil.

Aldi. Thou counſel'ſt well, my Rigdum-Funnidos,
And reaſon ſeems to father thy advice:
But, ſoft!—The King in penſive contemplation
Seems to reſolve on ſome important doubts;
His ſoul, too copious for his earthly fabric,
Starts forth, ſpontaneous, in ſoliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, leſt we diſturb his ſolitude.

[*They retire.*

Enter King.

King. This God of sleep is watchful to torment me,
And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes—
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumbr'er, thou detested Somnus—
For, if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs
I'll tear thine eye balls from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to out-stare eternity.
[*Exit in a huff.*

Re-enter Rigdum *and* Aldiboronti.

Rig. The King is in a most curs'd passion!
Pray who the devil is this Mr. Somnus he's so angry with?

Aldi. The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Incestuous pair! Brother of Mars relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. This gentleman may come of a very good family, for aught I know; but I would not be in his place for the world.

Aldi. But, lo! the King his footsteps this way bending,
His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation—
Let silence close our folding doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter King, Nobles, and Attendants. &c.

King. ——It is resolv'd——Now, Somnus, I defy thee,
And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion.
These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death—
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake.
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration—
Giants and Giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the mimic motion
Of scene deceptiovisive and sublime.

[*The flat Scene draws.*

The King is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed, in the Midst of which enters a Captain of the Guard.

Capt. To Arms! to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!
Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from Realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain 'em—
Armies on armies march in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But teer o'er teer, high pil'd from earth to Heaven?
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous Culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

King. Peace, coward! were they wedg'd like golden ingots,
Or pent so close as to admit no vacuum;
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scarce them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinian draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerumanais.
This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him:
Mean time, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph—Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *A magnificent Apartment.*

Enter Queen, Tatlanthe, *and two Ladies.*

Queen. Day's curtain's drawn, the morn begins to rise,
And waking nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating flocks
In baa's harmonious warble thro' the rocks:

Night

Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring oziers tattle to the clouds.
What think you, Ladies, if an hour we kill,
At basset, ombre, picquet, or quadrille?

Tat. Your Majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen. ——My mind is alter'd; bring some ratifia.

[*They are serv'd with a dram.*

I have a famous fidler from France.
Bid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter Fidler.

Fid. ——Thus to your Majesty, says the suppliant muse,
Wou'd you a Solo or Sonata chuse;
Or bold Concerto or soft Sicilinia,
Alla Francese overo in Gusto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow!——play us the Black Joke.

[*Music plays.*

[*Queen and Ladies dance the Black Joke.*

So much for dancing—now let's rest a while.
Bring in the tea things—Does the kettle boil?

Fat. —The water bubbles, and the tea cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

[*Tea brought in.*

Queen. ——Come, Ladies, will you please to chuse your tea;
Or green imperial, or Bekoe bohea?

1st Lady. ——Never, no, never sure on earth was seen,
So gracious, sweet, and affable a Queen.

2d Lady. ——She is an angel.

1st Lady. ——She's a goddess rather.

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess, altogether.

Queen. ——Away! you flatter me.

1st Lady. ——We don't indeed——
Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

Queen. ——You make me blush—Pray help me to a fan.

1st Lady. That blush becomes you——

Tat. ——Wou'd I were a man.

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs.

[*Bell rings.*

The bell rings in—Come, Ladies, let's to pray'rs.

[*They dance off.*

SCENE, *An Anti-Chamber.*

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos *and* Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Rig. 'Egad, we're in the wrong box! Who the devil wou'd have thought that Chrononhotonthologos shou'd be at that mortal sight of Puppedeans? Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be seen 'gad; they footed it away as fast as their hands could carry 'em; but they have left their King behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one comfort.

Aldi. —Wou'd he were still at ampliest liberty!
For, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue.
Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rig. The devil she is? Well, I see mischief is going forward with a vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the victor comes all crown'd with conquest!
A solemn triumph graces his return.
Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,
To greet the victor, in the flow of glory.

A Grand Triumph.

Enter Chrononhotonthologos, *Guards and Attendants, &c.* *met by* Rigdum-Funnidos *and* Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Aldi. ——All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects.
Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

Chro. ——Aldiborontiphoscophornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded.
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty.

Which shall with int'rest be repaid e're long.
But where's our Queen! where's Fadladinida!
She should be foremost in this gladsome train,
To grace our triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine;
I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Big. Now, my dear little Phoscophorny, for a swinging lye to bring the Queen off, and I'll run with it to her this minute, that we may all be in a stay—Say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

[*Whispers and steals off.*

Aldi. ——Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accents so injuriously severe
Of Fadladinida, your faithful Queen:
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishments and kind congratulations,
But, cannot, oh! she cannot, come herself.

King. ——Our rage is turn'd to fear—What ails the Queen?

Aldi. A sudden Diarrhœa's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That she by far outdoes her late outdoing,
And all conclude her royal life in danger.

King. Bid the physicians of the world assemble
In consultation, solemn and sedate—
More to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old—
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All! all! attend; and see they bring their med'cines.
Whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,
Materializ'd in pharmaceutic order.
The man that cures our Queen shall have our empire. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Enter Tatlanthe *and* Queen.

Queen. Heigh ho! my heart!

Tat. ——What ails my gracious Queen?

Queen. O would to Venus I had never seen!

Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen. ——————Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen. ——————No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, Madam?

Queen. ——————Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something?

Queen. ——————No!

Tat. Or nothing?

Queen. ——————No!

Tat. Then I conclude of course, since it was neither,
Nothing and something jumbled well together.

Queen. Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen?

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my Queen?

Queen. The King, I mean.

Tat. ——— Just now return'd from war;
He rides, like Mars, in his triumphal car.
Conquest precedes, with laurels in his hand;
Behind him, Fame does on her tripos stand;
Her golden trump shrill thro' the air she sounds,
Which rends the earth, and thence to heaven rebounds;
Trophies and spoils innumerable grace
This triumph, which all triumphs does deface—
Haste, then, great Queen, your hero thus to meet,
Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

Queen. Art mad, Tatlanthe? I meant no such thing.
Your talk's distasteful.

Tat. ——————Didn't you name the King?

Queen. I did, Tatlanthe, but it was not thine;
The charming King I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming fair,
In Chrononhotonthologos should share?
The queen of beauty and the god of arms,
In him and you united, blend their charms.
Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,
And at one stroke robb'd thousands of their breath;
While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,
In pyramids of conquest to the skies—
The gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay.

But

But your bright charms have call'd him thence away.

Queen. This does my utmoſt indignation raiſe—
You are too pertly laviſh in his praiſe.
Leave me for ever! [Tatlanthe *kneeling.*

Tat. ——— Oh! what ſhall I ſay?
Do not, great Queen, your anger thus diſplay—
O frown me dead! let me not live to hear
My gracious queen and miſtreſs ſo ſevere!
I've made ſome horrible miſtake, no doubt;
Oh! tell me what it is.

Queen. ——— No; find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow,
Till you ſome token of forgiveneſs ſhow.
Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down!
And from her brows diſpel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe, riſe, you have prevail'd at laſt—
Offend no more, and I'll excuſe what's paſt.

[Tatlanthe *aſide, riſing.*

Tat. Why, what a fool was I, not to perceive her paſſion for the topſy-turvy King, the gentleman that carries his head where his heels ſhould be!—But I muſt tack about, I ſee.——

[*To the Queen.*

Excuſe me, gracious Madam! if my heart
Bears ſympathy with your's in ev'ry part.
With you alike I ſorrow and rejoice,
Approve your paſſion, and commend your choice.
The captive King——

Queen. ——— That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten thouſand deaths to ſet him free—
Oh, my Tatlanthe! have you ſeen his face,
His air, his ſhape, his mien, his ev'ry grace;
In what a charming attitude he ſtands,
How prettily he foots it with his hands?
Well, to his arms, no, to his legs I fly,
For I muſt have him, if I live or die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Bed-chamber.*

Chrononhotonthologos *aſleep.*

Rough Muſic, viz. Salt Boxes and Rolling Pins, Gridirons and Tongs, Sow-Gelders' Horns, Marrow Bones and Cleavers, &c. &c.

[*He wakes.*

Chro. What heavenly ſounds are theſe that charm my ears!
Sure 'tis the muſic of the tuneful ſpheres.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. A meſſenger from Gen'ral Bombardinian
Craves inſtant audience of your Majeſty.

Chro. Give him admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!
Your faithful Gen'ral Bombardinian
Sends you his tongue, tranſplanted in my mouth,
To pour his ſoul out in your royal ears.

Chro. Then uſe thy maſter's tongue with reverence,
Nor waſte it in thine own loquacity,
But briefly and at large declare thy meſſage.

Her. Suſpend awhile, great Chrononhotonthologos,
The fate of empires, and the toils of war;
And in my tent let's quaff Phalernian wine,
Till our ſouls mount and emulate the gods.
Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,
Submiſſive to your wiſhes, court your option.
Haſte then, great King, to bleſs us with your preſence.
Our ſcouts already watch the wiſh'd approach,
Which ſhall be welcom'd by the drums dread rattle,
The cannon's thunder, and the trumpet's blaſt;
While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,
Receive my King in all the pomp of war.

Chro. Tell him I come; my flying ſteed prepare—
E're thou art half on horſeback I'll be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

SCENE, *a Prison.*

The King of the Antipodes *discovered asleep on a Couch.*

Enter Queen.

Queen. Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!
This a reception for the man I love?
See in what sweet tranquillity he sleeps,
While Nature's self at his confinement weeps.—
Rise, lovely monarch! see your friend appear,
No Chrononhotonthologos is here.
Command your freedom, by this sacred ring;
Then command me.—What says my charming King?

[*She puts the ring in his mouth, he bends the sea crab, and makes a roaring noise.*

Queen. What can this mean! He lays his feet at mine.
Is this of love or hate his country's sign?
Ah! wretched Queen! how hapless is thy lot,
To love a man that understands thee not!—
Oh! lovely Venus! Goddess all divine!
And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine,
Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,
And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart.

Venus *descends in her Chariot, and sings.*

AIR.

Ven. See Venus does attend thee,
My dilding, my dolding,
Love's goddess will befriend thee,
Lilly bright and shinee.
With pity and compassion,
My dilding, my dolding.
She sees thy tender passion,
Lilly, &c. Da capo.

Air changes.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,
Dance over the Lady Lee.
Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
My gay Lady.
Take this magic wand in hand,
Dance, &c.
All the world's at thy command,
My gay, &c. Da capo.

Cupid *descends and sings.*

AIR.

Are you a widow, or are you a wife?
Gilly flow'r, gentle rosemary.
Or are you a maiden, so fair and so bright?
As the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.
Queen. Would I were a widow, as I am a wife.
Gilly flow'r, &c.
But I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright,
As the dew, &c.
Cupid. You shall be a widow before it is night,
Gilly flow'r, &c.
No longer a maiden, so fair and so bright,
As the dew, &c.
Two jolly young husbands your person shall share,
Gilly flow'r, &c.
And twenty fine babies all lovely and fair,
As the dew, &c.
Queen. O thanks, Mr. Cupid, for this your good news,
Gilly flow'r, &c.
What woman alive would such favours refuse?
While the dew, &c.

[Venus *and* Cupid *re-ascend; the Queen goes off, and the King of the* Antipodes *follows, walking on his hands. Scene closes.*

SCENE, Bombardinian's *Tent.*

The King and Bombardinian *at a Table, with two Ladies.*

Bomb. This honour, royal Sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.—
Here! fill the goblet with Phalernian wine;
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the gods, that we propine their healths.
King. Hold, Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.
Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread,
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;
Bring every eatable that can be eat:

The

The King shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid His Majesty will be starv'd before I can run round the world, for a dinner; besides, where's the money?

King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?
Guards, seize the villain, broil him, fry him, stew him;
Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

Cook. O pray your Majesty, spare my life—there's some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash it for your Majesty in a minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave.

[*Kills him, and turns to* Bombardinian.

Hash'd pork!—Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?—
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, General.

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your Majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity.

[*Points to the Ladies.*

King. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotonthologos
Have made a very hearty meal of worse.

King. Ha! traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

[*Strikes him.*

Bomb. A blow!—Shall Bombardinian take a blow?—
Blush! blush, thou sun! Start back, thou rapid ocean!
Hills! vales! seas! mountains! all commixing, crumble,
And into Chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinian has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. [*Draws.*

[*The Women run off, crying, Help! Murder, &c.*

King. What means the traitor?

Bomb. ——— Traitor, in thy teeth
Thus I defy thee! [*They fight; he kills the King.*
——— Ha! What have I done?—
Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods! [*Exit, raving.*

Returns with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your Majesty?

Doct. ——— My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! dead!—Impossible! It cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his body to his soul again,
——, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic;
His soul has left his body and this world.

Bomb. Then go to t'other world and fetch it back. [*Kills him.*
And, if I find thou trifleſt with me there,
I'll chace thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.
Ha! — Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?
I come! your faithful Bombardinian comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

[*Kills himself.*

Enter Queen *and others.*

Ald. O horrid! horrible, and horridest horror!
Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!
All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!
O———h!——— [*A groan, a tragedy groan.*

Queen. My husband dead! Ye gods! what is't you mean,
To make a widow of a virgin Queen?
For, to my great misfortune, he, poor King,
Has left me so, i'n't that a wretched thing?

Tat. Why then, dear Madam! make no farther pother;
Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice—
Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;
If any one can please a Queen, he can.

Rig. Aye, that he can, and please your Majesty.
So ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care,
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of mourning, Madam,
One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow;
Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.
[*To* Aldi. *aside.*

Aldi. I scorn your bounty, I'll be King, or nothing.
Draw, miscreant! Draw!

Rig. ——No, Sir, I'll take the law.
[*Runs behind the Queen.*

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.
And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care—
Where shall I find thee such another pair?
Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,
Shou'd die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.
Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round;
Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corpse away;
Make preparation for our wedding day.
Instead of sad solemnity, and black,
Our hearts shall swim in claret, and in sack.

THE END.

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